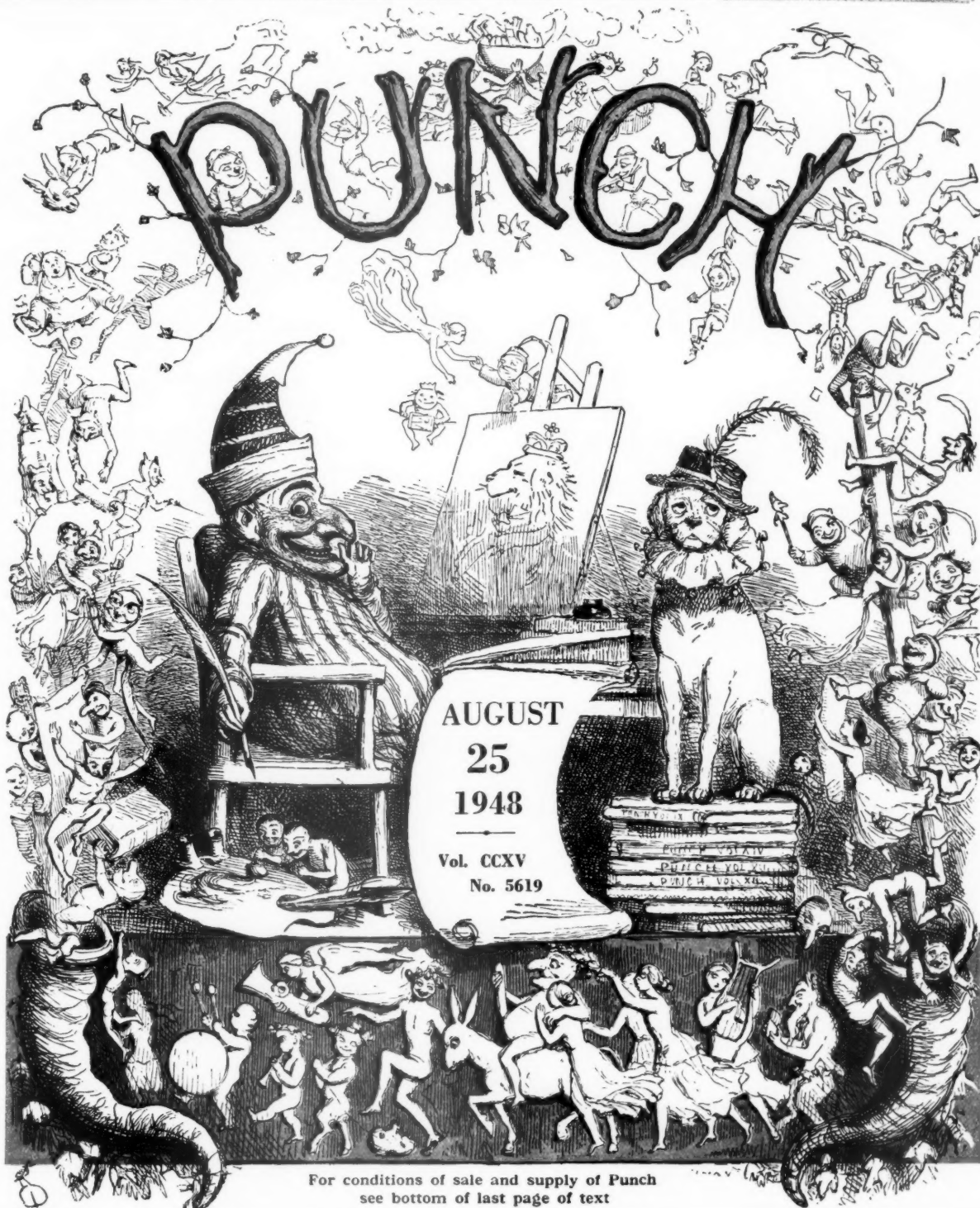


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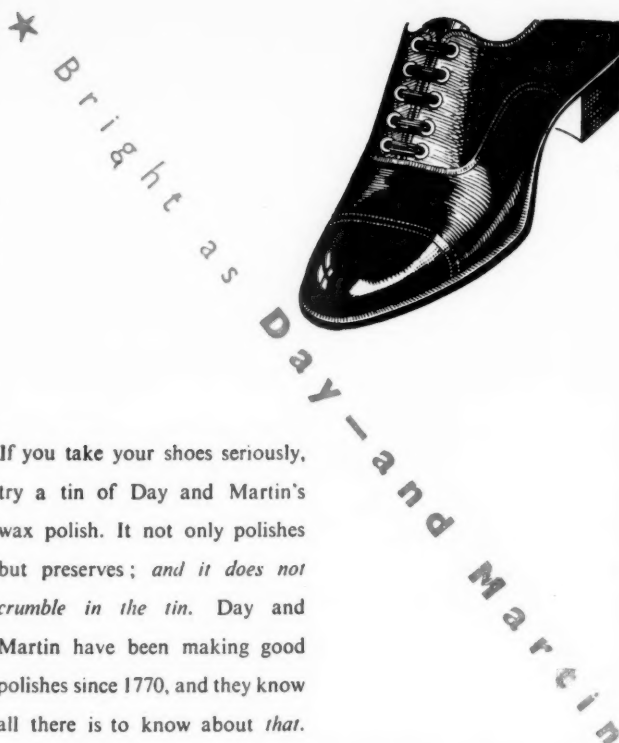


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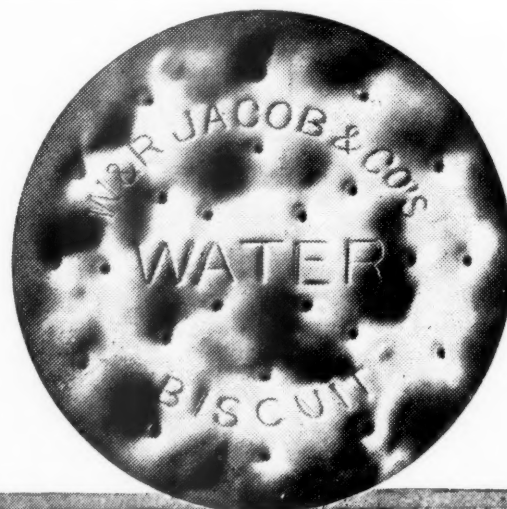


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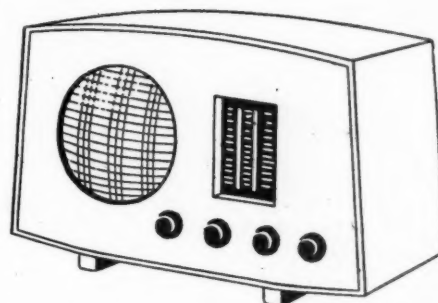


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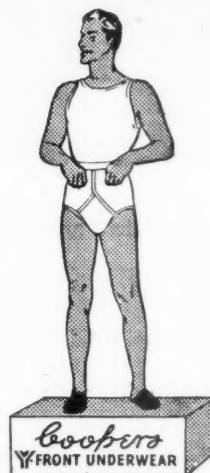
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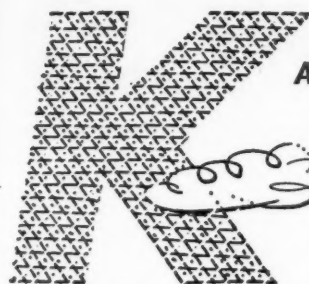
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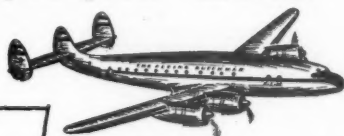
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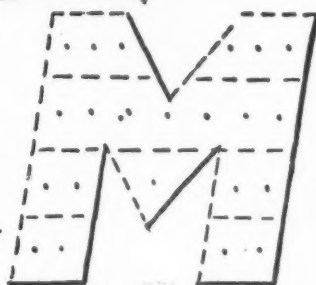
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THEIR SPRINGS A CRADLE HOWEVER YOU LIE

To rest nature's way, in
an average night you move
35 times in your sleep



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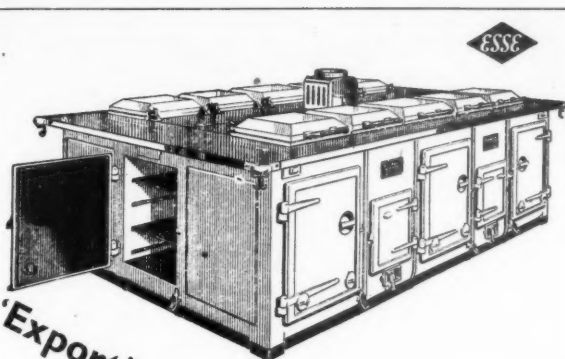
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**It's my
BIG DAY**

It started when I woke—with presents, now there's my party—with Jellies. Yes, Chivers—Mummy was clever to get them. I love Chivers Jellies, don't you?

**CHIVERS
JELLIES**

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juice

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory,
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I wouldn't be without my 'Prestige'

It's a godsend after a hard day's work, and it saves endless "sink-work!" Busy women everywhere find the 'Prestige' Pressure Cooker a boon. Meals are cooked in a fraction of the ordinary time and they're more delicious, too! You save on washing-up as well, for you can bring your meal straight from stove to table—the 'Prestige' Pressure Cooker is supplied with an extra cover which instantly converts the cooker into a smart serving dish. The 'Prestige' is suitable for any type of stove. Obtainable from leading Stores and Ironmongers.

COMPARE THESE COOKING TIMES:

	Prestige Pressure Cooker	Ordinary Saucepan
Tomato Soup	5 mins.	50 mins
Irish Stew	12 mins.	1 hour
Stewed Pears	6 mins.	1½-2 hours
Potatoes (halved)	8 mins.	35 mins.

'Hostess' Model (as illustrated), complete with table serving cover, cooking rack, measuring cup and instruction and recipe book. Price 72/6. Also 'Cook's' Model with saucepan handle, without serving cover. Price 69/6.

**'PRESTIGE'
PRESSURE COOKERS**



save time ... save fuel ... save flavour



PRIORITY ONLY

Limited quantities of PARKER-KNOLL chairs are being made for supply to schools, hotels, institutions, hospitals, etc., against priority permits. Full particulars will be sent on request, explaining how they may be obtained.

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PARKER-KNOLL LTD., TEMPLE END, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

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for cheerful livers!



Every day is a sunny day — if your system is clean and clear from poisons. A glass of Eno sees to that, first thing in the morning. It's a cheerful drink, itself!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

2/3 and 3/11 a bottle (tax included).



She felt her best and then —

"darling, you

look tired," he said

... he hadn't meant to hurt ... but a tired look is an old look. To be lovelier, use *Skin Deep* — each day as a wonderful foundation; each night as a natural, nourishing skin food — it does your skin good all the time.

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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5619

August 25 1948

Charivaria

A GOVERNMENT speaker sees the dawn of a new day coming. Others merely think it feels more like a morning after.

"There are not many employers willing to pay a man good wages for just sitting about," declares a trade union leader. He is being inundated with requests for their names and addresses.



"WOMAN WITH 44 CATS TOLD,
'KEEP 2 ONLY.'"

Headline in "Daily Mail."

That's just the difficulty.

"Smoking and lumbago go together," declares a writer of health notes. Very few, however, can afford both these days.

Four orchestral conductors took part in a recent concert. There was some very smart baton-changing.

An American commentator thinks that the result of the presidential election will show only a hair's breadth between the contestants. Or, at the most, a small moustache.

Another deep-water walker is being publicized by the newspapers. It would be more to the point if people of this sort volunteered to get in the harvest.

A correspondent says he hadn't realized how the war years had aged him until the other day when he came across his 1938 passport and was struck by the resemblance of the photograph to his present face.



A radio critic complains that broadcasting is increasingly becoming a part-time occupation. Thus many comedians can only squeeze a joke in among their regular work.

A columnist remarks that the electric clock gives the first warning of electricity overloading. The ones with cuckoo attachment, like electric ovens, cook slower.

A new American typewriter has a device which automatically releases keys that are stuck together. A refinement not yet perfected is a non-committal squiggle to disguise the fact that the operator's orthography is a little weak.



"Smash-and-grab thieves broke the window of a tobacconist's in Borough High Street, close to London Bridge Station, just after midnight. It is not yet known what they stole."

"Evening Standard."

Well, there's *one* thing it can't have been . . .

A correspondent says he put on weight this year after helping with the hay harvest. Although he thinks that lifting potatoes with a fork may have helped.

In view of our planning record during the past few years it is considered probable that we are now belatedly receiving last summer as well.

A leading actor when questioned by the police could not produce his identity-card. It came as a great shock to him that his profile wouldn't do.

A Matter of Routine

MR. POUT lived at "Mon Repos" near Wicklebury on the Wame. He had a small garden of which he was proud, and therein grew profusely, according to the seasons, the salpiglossus, the zinnia, the pelargonium, the eschscholtzia, the anchusa, the coreopsis, the erodium, the gaillardia, the erophilum and many another old-world English flower.

In the early part of the summer the weather was both warm and dry. "Tut, tut," said Mr. Pout, as he carried jugs of water from the kitchen to succour his thirsty plants. But one day he espied, in a shop devoted to such merchandise, a small water-sprinkler with a stand and hose attached to it. This he bought and carried home complacently in a taxicab.

Mrs. Pout was delighted with the machine. She fastened the end of the hose to a tap in the kitchen and turned the water on. "This will revive the dear things," she said. Unfortunately there was some mechanical defect. The water sprang furiously in the air round the tap and made a fine fountain in the kitchen, but did not penetrate to the works of the water-sprinkler, though Mr. Pout twiddled all the screws and knobs, of which there were many, until he was tired.

"I could almost wish," he said to himself, "that I had not written to the Water Board to tell them about the thing." For this in the pride and the honesty of his heart he had done, and the Wicklebury Water Board was not slow to send him a very elaborate form printed in scarlet ink demanding three pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence for the use of a garden water-supply.

This form Mr. Pout put on a spiked file which he devoted to the use of unpaid bills.

By this time the weather had taken a turn for the worse and rain began to fall at Wicklebury both by day and by night, so that the need for the water-sprinkler was forgotten and Mr. Pout put it away with the pots and the lawn-mower in the garden shed.

The storms became heavier and heavier, and the River Wame began to rise and overflow its banks. The lane in which "Mon Repos" stood, flanked on either side by "Sans Souci" and "Happicot," became first of all muddy and then waterlogged, so that the postman and the milkman only made their rounds with difficulty and sometimes with oaths. It was about this time that a man in a peaked cap came to see Mr. Pout with a very peremptory note from the Wicklebury Water Board. "You have not paid for your sprinkler," he said as he came splashing up to the front door in his Wellington boots. "No more I have," said Mr. Pout, and sighed.

A week or so later he had quite forgotten the incident, for, alas, the rains had not ceased nor had the floods abated at all. The garden of "Mon Repos" was entirely submerged, the dining-room and the kitchen became uninhabitable, Mr. Pout and his wife and the two children were driven to the upper floor, they were deserted by the tradespeople, they were marooned, they were living on chocolate and tinned foods. The inhabitants of "Sans Souci" and "Happicot" had been taken away on a ferry boat, but Mr. Pout and his family had refused to go. "Mon Repos" will hold out to the last," they said proudly, and fastened a Union Jack to one of the chimneys.

But the time came when they could endure no longer, for the water was now a foot deep in the bedrooms, and since they could descry no boat on the face of the waters, the peril of death by drowning stared them in the face. Then one morning, by a happy miracle, they saw the chicken-coop of "Sans Souci" come floating up to their roof, for on

the roof they were now sitting miserably, and crying in vain for help. They had not liked the chickens at "Sans Souci" which made a great noise, and often scratched up their garden, but now they were thankful, for the chicken-coop was very large and there was ample room on it for all. Embarking and using pieces of board for paddles they set out upon the waters, and after labouring for several hours drew near to land, when they saw an unfortunate fellow-creature swimming in the flood. It was evident that he was exhausted and Mr. Pout, leaning over the side, endeavoured to draw him up to safety on the coop. Alas, the drowning man pulled Mr. Pout off the coop into the water. A happy thing it was that Mr. Pout was a strong swimmer, and banging the man on the head so as to stun him, was able to support him and steadily make way to the shore, followed by Mrs. Pout and the two children paddling hard on the coop.

A little crowd was assembled on the bank when Mr. Pout at last staggered and floundered to safety and, with the aid of a policeman, began to apply artificial respiration to the sufferer by kneading him violently in the back and pumping huge jets of water out of his lungs.

"Better take him to hospital," said the policeman when signs of animation at last appeared. And he summoned an ambulance.

"You saved his life, mister," said a man in the crowd.

"Ought to get a medal for that," cried a woman. "That he had ought."

But Mr. Pout was not listening. Far away across the flood he was looking at the chimneys of "Mon Repos," still just above the water-level with the flag still flying and a seagull sitting on the mast-head. He was thinking of his future. He was thinking of his wife and family. He was thinking of his garden and his home. "The worst of it is," he said to himself, "I am not insured against floods."

Then he asked the policeman the name of the hospital, and the next day he went to visit the man he had rescued from the waves. With a wan face the man thanked Mr. Pout, and at the same time drew a soaked wallet from underneath his pillow.

"Smatter of fact I was coming to visit you," he said. And he handed Mr. Pout a damp and dirty piece of paper on which the scarlet ink had run.

It was a demand from the Wicklebury Water Board for three pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence on account of an extra water-supply to "Mon Repos."

"Dear me," said Mr. Pout, "I am glad you have reminded me of that. And I wish I had been able to bring you some flowers."

EVOE.

A Place for Everything

LET me sigh out my heart, if I must, and let it be in beautiful places,
Where the wind in the cypresses answers, and the whole sky understands
The agelessness of grief, or in ruined palaces
With white steps leading upwards, where in a statue's hands,
Apart, aside from the sunlight, perpetual mist on the marble,
A broken wreath hangs curving, and in the fountain's cup
Water meets water forever. . . .

If I must be miserable,
Let it never, oh, never come over me
When washing up.



INCENTIVES

"My next job will be to make sure that I have an essential cigarette supply."

[The House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates ascertained, according to the report in *The Times*, that the Ministry of Fuel and Power "did not ration Government departments as it did the general public. . . . The Ministry had no authority to refuse petrol to other departments, who got, therefore, as many petrol coupons as they asked for."]



"How many more times must I tell you—THREE p's in Peppiatt?"

Why We Lost.

THE failure of the Munton Cricket Club to win any of their three games this season against Rockley Bay has led to a spate of correspondence in the *Munton Observer*. "Disgusted" struck the first blow last week with a letter attacking Sympson's captaincy. His failure to appeal against the light in the first match, his failure to appeal against the cows in the second match, and his failure to appeal against the enormous hob-nailed boots of the Rockley Bay fast bowler in the third match were, according to "Disgusted," the causes of our undoing.

This week no fewer than eight anonymous letters appeared, three of them indignantly refuting the charges against Sympson, though their effect was to some extent spoiled by the fact that they were remarkably similar in literary style. The best of the others was from "Junius," who attributed our

defeats to the advanced age of our team. "Junius" mentioned the quite unfounded rumour that in the third match both our opening batsmen had been wheeled to the wicket in bath-chairs and after leaning heavily on their bats for a few minutes had collapsed and been wheeled away again.

"Fair Play," on the other hand, would support no criticism whatever of the team. From start to finish of the three matches we had been beaten by the weather. He pointed out that if there had been a cloudburst resulting in two or three feet of water on the pitch after tea on the day of the first match, we would probably have been able to force a draw. In the second match we only needed a ninety-mile-an-hour gale blowing behind our fast bowler to make him almost unplayable, and it was quite likely that even the disastrous third match could have

been saved by a timely earthquake that swallowed up the entire Rockley Bay team while leaving our own batsmen standing.

"Vitamin" attributed our defeat to the malnutrition of our players. Munton-on-Sea is a popular seaside resort and Rockley Bay is not, so that visitors swarm to Munton-on-Sea every summer like locusts and take the food out of the mouths of the inhabitants, while the Rockley Bayites are not similarly afflicted and also have a particularly well-organized black market. As a proof of the luxurious lawlessness of the Rockley Bay commissariat "Vitamin" instanced that no fewer than three banana-skins were found in the Rockley Bay dressing-room after their victory in the third match, although not a single member of the team is of banana age.

"Democritus" attributed our defeat to the snobbery of the selectors, who

would choose nobody unable to appear in white or yellowish flannels, thus barring Alf Glubb, our only off-spinner, who from time immemorial has been a tower of strength in corduroys, a mole-skin waistcoat and a deer-stalker hat.

The greatest surprise and indignation, however, was caused by a short letter that appeared right at the bottom of the column under the priggish pseudonym "Veritas." The suggestion it contains is so patently absurd that it would be hardly worth repeating except to show the depths to which some people will sink to get into print. "Veritas" has the audacity to insist that Rockley Bay won because they were a team of grand batsmen, excellent bowlers and superb fieldsmen, brilliantly captained by as fine a player and as true a gentleman as even Rockley Bay has ever produced.

D. H. B.

Pigeons in the Peas

I SAW a report in the press recently of a farmer's having been ordered to pay £200 damages for shooting some half-dozen pigeons that he found on his land eating his best peas. The pigeons, it seemed, were not ordinary bandit pigeons, harrying the countryside on their unlawful occasions; they were homing pigeons. And homing pigeons cannot be treated as mere smooth-bore-fodder; they definitely belong to someone, even though temporarily out of his immediate control. The wholly delightful legal argument used in support of this was that the "property" in the pigeons remained in the owner because the birds, possessing their peculiar homing instinct, had "the intention to return to their loft."

My sympathies in the case, I must admit, are entirely with the farmer. He didn't want his best peas eaten by pigeons—any pigeons; and the fact that the delinquents were homing pigeons made no difference to their capacities as trencher-birds. Indeed, far from it. On such occasions homing pigeons are likely to eat a good deal more than free-lance pigeons. For the latter have been stooging around feeding here and there all day, and have probably just felt that a snack of cold pea would top off nicely; while pigeons whose hunger has at last proved stronger than their inborn homing instinct—"we simply must draw in here, dear, and get a meal—I'm absolutely famished!"—are pigeons who are going to do a good deal of damage to any menu.

Again, I don't like that "intention to return to their loft" argument.

Much too vague for reality. I have known people in London clubs round about midday who had the intention to return to their homes for lunch. Then they have met old friends unexpectedly and have been found in the same club some seven hours later, talking about a glass of sherry before they go in to the dining-room. They haven't exactly relinquished their intention to go home—merely modified it. "Your wife's on the phone again, sir!" "Tell her I'll definitely be back on the last bus." I suspect something similar in the case of those half-dozen pigeons in Farmer X's peas. They were probably old pals whose flying duties hadn't coincided for some time and were now making the most of the reunion. "Oh, never mind that, old man—the wife's learnt to expect me when she sees me—have the other half-pod with me." No telephones either in pea-fields, so they can't be rung up at intervals and reminded frostily of their good intentions to return home that morning.

No, the more I look at the "intention" excuse the less I trust it. There's no time limit to an intention. Those pigeons—if not drastically discouraged, as they were, by the farmer—might, after guzzling for a day, have said: "They do you well here, don't they? Let's stay over for breakfast! We can be on the road again before midday!" And then, next morning: "Tell you what! We'll make an early start after lunch. How's that, boys?" And then—but the thing would go on. Still keeping within the law: still with the intention to return.

Mind you, I do not speak without knowledge. Many years ago a carrier pigeon dropped in on me in the country and stayed as long as an uninvited uncle—that is, until forcibly chucked out. He arrived in the hen-run—in the days when chickens were fed on maize

instead of dead-crusader-and-bad-potato hash—and for three days was right in the front at meal-times. Then he found out that we kept the maize in the tool-shed, and for the next week took up his quarters there, roosting right above the sack in case he felt like a snack during the night.

Where he was bound for I don't know. He had a message on his leg, but certainly seemed in no hurry to deliver it. He reminded one of an old-time telegraph-boy leaning on a barrier in a London street watching three men hammer in spikes—all the time in the world on his hands. I caught the bird at last, but all the message said was: "2.30 P.M. Corner of Bishop Road. Love, Jack." Though Jack must long before have got tired of waiting for his girl, I dispatched the pigeon on his journey—in the recognized method, i.e., throwing him up in the air. The first two times he only fell heavily to earth again, completely maize-logged, I should say. At last he got the idea that he'd outstayed his welcome and lumbered off—probably only to a neighbour's chicken-run.

Now my point is that during his ten days' sojourn with me that pigeon, being a homing pigeon, was legally supposed to have the intention of returning to his loft, and was therefore immune from gunfire. Intention to return my foot! His only intention was to stay as long and eat as much as he could for the rest of his life.

And so, no doubt, were Farmer X's visitors. Apparently, before calling on the artillery he tried to scare them away, but they were not letting duty interfere with pleasure.

Which brings me to my main and final point. In my opinion the moment a homing pigeon ceases for whatever reason to home, not only does it also cease to be of any value to its owner, but it automatically ceases to be a homing pigeon and so to have an owner at all. It can then be remustered as a table-bird. For the essential job of a homing pigeon is to return home as quickly as possible and not stop at the slightest temptation, whatever "intentions" it may profess. Let it remember that the road to pigeon pie is paved with good intentions.

A. A.

"Her skipper and crew of six hope to complete the voyage in three weeks."

"Daily Graphic."

Going down under?



A Whiff of the Megrims

I DON'T know how it is, but in periods of severe international tension I always seem to write about fish. In 1938, in the period now conveniently summarized in the word "Munich" but for long known simply as "The Crisis" (a word since encrusted with so many associations as to be practically invisible), I wrote some verse about the gentle but radiant preoccupations of the aquarist or aquarium-keeper, whose ambition in those days would seem to have been to breed a female Guppy with colour on it. (I would here digress and tell you exactly what the Guppy is, if I had been able to find out; but not one of the works of reference available to me at the moment gives anything approaching the word more nearly than GUP, which is "a cry of anger or chiding addressed to a horse." But at least we can assume that the Guppy is, or was, a fish.)

In the first issue of this publication to appear after the outbreak of war in 1939, there I was writing about fish again. Candidly escapist, I gave an account of a talk I had had with my friend Hocksquabble about the advantages of a diet of fish, and quoted three stanzas of a thought-provoking poem he had written round the newspaper headline "FISH THAT ANSWER THE TELEPHONE." In April of the same year, after the annexation of Czechoslovakia and the doubling of the Territorial Army and anything else you may be obliging enough to remember that helps to illustrate my point, I had written with some envy about Mr. Robert Gibbings's adventures beneath tropical seas among such things as the Blue Angel, the Demoiselle, the Four Eye and the Yellow Grunt.

And now . . . Well, of course it's nothing but a coincidence, but my attention has been drawn to a new Order, or Statutory Instrument (this seems to be the same sort of thing as an S.R.O., letters which also—and how suitably!—mean Standing Room Only), which came into operation on August 1st. This—1948 No. 1480, made (in chorus, I suppose) by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Secretary of State for Scotland—"prohibits the landing, sale or possession for sale in Great Britain of immature sea-fish of the descriptions specified . . . and prescribes the minimum sizes below which the Order applies." And I don't think anybody—certainly nobody so anxiously open to literary stimuli as I am when I have an article to write—could read the list of descriptions specified and remain unmoved.

It occupies only about two-and-a-quarter square inches of type, beginning with Cod (*Gadus Calarias*) and ending with Dabs (*Pleuronectes limanda*)—it is noticeable by the way that Witches, Lemon soles, Soles, Megrims, Whittings and Dabs take the S with their plural, unlike Cod, Haddock, Hake, Plaice, Turbot and Brill, which are served plain, without even parsley—but it exudes more charm than a waitress offering a menu to a film-producer. You may be unmoved by the news that Soles are "*Solea solea*"; only by the acquisition of a third storey would they even approach the comedian's status of the Little Auk (*Alle alle alle*), the Common Crane (*Grus grus grus*), the Eagle-owl (*Bubo bubo bubo*), and the Magpie (*Pica pica pica*); but can you read without a quickening of the pulse (*Pisum sativum*, perhaps) the information that the scientific name for the Megrim is *Lepidorhombus whiff*?

Even the ordinary name of the Megrim, if it can be called the ordinary name, may cause you a certain amount of surprise; as it did me. I knew "megrim" as meaning *migraine*, and I learn from a mistrustful glance at one of the works of reference available to me at the moment that it also means "a sudden sickness of a horse at work" (if

I could only get a permit for some wire, I'd soon keep all these horses out of this article); but a mistrustful glance at another was necessary before any ichthyology showed up. The most expansive of my dictionaries adds casually that Megrim is the "Cornish name of the scaldfish or smooth sole," and—shut the door for a minute and come closer—what do you think it adds in brackets after that? *Lepidorhombus whiff*? Not on your life. *Psetta arnoglossa*.

Well, you could have knocked me down with an eight-inch whiting (*Gadus merlangus*)—a rather unsuitably large object, I admit, to form part of that particular cliché, but the smallest this Statutory Instrument legally allows you to catch. (Digression: Since whittings, as every humorist knows, spend their time in a circular or tail-nibbling posture, there is a joke here about the value of π , which very few other people in my situation would forbear to make. Eight inches, circle, π , fish-pie—get it? I can hear the applause from here (much the safest place). End of digression.) It seemed incredible, it still seems incredible, that the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries and his straight man the Secretary of State for Scotland were having a game with us, or even that anybody had been having a game with them. And yet . . .

There is nothing else in the list of equal merit; the Lemon sole (*Microstomus kitt*) seems designed to occupy a place in the same piece of verse as the Megrim, but Haddock and the others, though sonorous, are not even very rhythmic. Taken as a whole, nevertheless, and read aloud in whatever accent you happen to have by you, it makes as good an incantation as any for taking your mind off the news. You can buy it, price one penny, from His Majesty's Stationery Office. In witness whereof, like the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Secretary of State for Scotland, I affix my Seal (*Halichærus grypus*—but you can call him Butch). R. M.

In the Woods Above Bideford

I COULD come here a thousand times
But never again would the nightingales
Make me this madrigal among the limes
Nor there be light so gauzy in the vales.

Here in these trees I'd walk, but none
Would whisper and sigh just so for me;
Nor ever between the boughs would this mad sun
Fashion this angry dagger from the sea.

I may come here as others may
And stare in wonder at sea and sky,
But never, never again shall artless day
So savagely and yet so sweetly die.

I shall come here but come in vain;
This is a world and a way apart.
This is an hour I shall not know again
Though I shall have it measured on my heart.

"Big firms are increasing supplies of tobacco leaf from sterling areas, but all agree that these will not make up the huge deficiencies required to appease all demands."—"Daily Record" (Glasgow).

Do you mean to say there's a shortage of deficiencies?



"John seems very worried about inflation—



or deflation—



or maybe it's disinflation—

Heaven Lies About Us . . .

MUMMY! Mummy! Guess what I've been doing, you never will: well, you know those people staying at that other farm, the one that has two boats, I mean the father and the two boys one about as big as Christopher—Mummy, could we stay there if we come again, because they have two boats, Mummy, and heck, ever such a lot of sandwiches. Well, I only said *If* . . . No, but *If*. Could we *If*? Could we, Mummy? Well, *If*, I mean. . . . Yes, but if they could have us?

Well, I went down to look at my bottle to see if there were any sticklebacks in it—Mummy, there were three, and one was *huge*, about as long as *that*, and I took them with me, and when I was taking them with me the boy came down because he was going to catch some in a jar, not the one about as big as Christopher, the one a bit smaller than me—his name's John, Mummy, and the one about as big as Christopher lost one of his plimsolls, his name's Jerry. Mummy, he only got one in his jar—John, I mean; Jerry was looking for his plimsoll. Mummy, I wish you'd packed my plimsolls because these sandals are all right but they get so slippery on the grass. I can hardly stand up, honestly, I nearly fell down with the bottle with the sticklebacks just when I was coming back and met John going down with his jar.

Well, Mummy—Mummy, why do you keep reading letters? I went with them in the boat, the lovely bright-blue one, their father said he might as well be hung for a sheep, and they can both row, John can row just as well as Jerry—he rows a lot *better* than Jerry—we *all* rowed, I rowed after John, I rowed a lot—Mummy, I rowed *nearly*

all the way, I was the *best* rower—well, nearly all the way, and I only fell over once; Jerry fell over once too—several times, I think, he fell over. And we went to *that bay* where we walked to through the woods yesterday, and we landed, and I jumped out and pulled the boat up the beach—well, yes, of course they got out, well, they may have helped a bit, but I pulled hardest because I was *first on the chain*.

Well, and we looked for a big stone to make a fire on to cook the fish—well, to cook them of course—well, what's the good of catching fish? Yes, their father had a knife. Well, we looked and we found one and what do you think it was? Mummy, what do you think? Well, can't you *think*? Well, it was that one my knee bled all over when I fell down on the rocks yesterday. Mummy, it was all *red*, and we made a fire on it and we cooked the fish and they were scrum. We all ate some, all except their father because he was smoking a pipe. Mummy, wasn't it wiz? Did you guess it was that stone, the one I bled on? Did you? Mummy, may we stay at that farm next year if we come again, because they have two boats? Well, I only said *If*. . . . Yes, but *If*. Could we *If*? Could we, Mummy, could we—*please*?

"Grand Bay River—6 rods, 1 salmon, average weight 8 lbs."

Newfoundland paper.

Too many people weighed that fish.

"Twenty-two times 59-year-old Dr. Hugh Edmund Watts sat at a table . . ."

Daily paper.

With his memories?



or reflation—



perflation or something.



Hollowood

Anyway, what I really want to know is whether Harry's worried about it too."



"Isn't there somewhere I can go with LESS than thirty-five pounds?"

The Newt

I SPOKE of sunrise to a protean newt
That lived in darkness and had lost his eyes;
He was a creature of a wide repute,
And he replied (and he was very wise)
"Your fancied legends, sir, I must refute;
There is no sun. Therefore it cannot rise.

Some fish there are (and I have talked with these,
For I have travelled much around this cave)
That speak of vast illimitable seas;
And in my youth, less wary and more brave,
I would drink in their threadbare fantasies;
But now I know the true fish from the knave.

True fish are they who, keeping to the rules,
Swim round and round and round from left to right;
True fish are they that frown upon the fools
Who babble madly of a thing called Light;
True fish respect the teachings of the Schools
And know that there is nothing else but Night.

I am a newt; they say I cannot see—
I cannot see, indeed. No more can they.
No visionary fool can dazzle me
With mystic tidings of the light of day;
When they come prating of this mystery
I do not answer them; I swim away."

And so he swam away, and I was left
Amazed at my temerity, that I—
I, who of all the senses am bereft
Save only five, should in my folly try
To teach an even more insensate eel
Of the sun's glory and the morning sky.

H. J.'s Dramatic Fragments

I WROTE this Fragment one evening when the fire burnt low and my wife was nursing some umbrage she had taken at my preferring to whistle plainsong to hearing her read aloud a knitting pattern she had composed. So up to bed she went with a noise like a bison on the loose, and left me to the bear-like embraces of the Muse.

TRILOGY GRANGE : A FAMILY SAGA

(The scene is the Committee of a Festival.)

CHAIRMAN. Ladies and Gentlemen: We have been landed with the problem of how to convert Weston Larva's annual fête into an event of national or even international importance and earn dollars. Speaking for myself, I find the hope of success slimmish; but faint heart ne'er won full purse, and we had better have a stab at it. Any ideas?

THE COUNTESS OF ECCLES. Start with the usual programme and add to it—that is, the Sports, the Fun Fayre and of course the Jumble Sale. We always have it on market day, so that is another attraction. Perhaps we could move the date of the Police Concert to the same evening.

THE VICAR. August is rather early for our carol service, but to include it would make the festival more representative. Would it not also be a good opportunity for a flag day?

MR. BAKER. I can offer the services of the Scouts without stint or limitation. Of course, they will be putting on their usual display—cooking, bridge-building, etc., and acting as stewards, but I think we might also have the band up to concert pitch in time. After the Cub plays and the camp fire sing-song, the Badger patrol will give a display of home-made fireworks to end the day.

MR. HOGUE. I think we must stress the historical and cultural associations of our town more.

CHAIRMAN. Can you specify?

MR. HOGUE. During the Middle Ages the land on which Weston Larva was later built belonged to the descendants of Hraljmar the Scand. The Manor House was begun in 1556, but was burnt before more than the foundations had been constructed. The present church dates from 1853; it was an unsuccessful entry for a competition, so they got it cheap. You know, we haven't got all those historical associations to work on.

CHAIRMAN. That leaves culture. I suppose we concentrate on Pegg, though he left here at the age of two and it's only in his birthplace that anyone has ever heard of him. Anyway, he did get into print and that's something.

THE COUNTESS OF ECCLES. Surely he links literature and science. After all, his was one of the very first textbooks to be devoted entirely to Sound; previously it had always had to share with Heat and Light. What a pity he never wrote anything else!

CHAIRMAN. Wasn't there a painter who used to stay at Shy Ladies?

MISS VIGT. Still does. He's there now. Paints Jolly Coachmen. Retired boot-designer. Wears a black straw hat and reads *Blackwood's* aloud to an aged mother.

MR. BAKER. If we had it in winter the Scouts could model a snow-man.

CHAIRMAN. It's usual to build festivals on the twin foundations of Benjamin Britten and the Vic-Wells Ballet. I don't know how many companies they run; with so many festivals in competition we should



"They can only stand the job for a few weeks. Then their nerve goes."

probably have to put up with some kind of Old Members' unit. One never knows quite what Mr. Britten would do. He composed a version of *Trial by Jury* for Crewe and a Chamber Oratorio based on Ezra Pound's "Cantos" for Dagenham.

MR. HOGUE. We could have a non-stop programme of Government films in the Hall. That would be cheap, and everyone knows by now that Britain leads the world in Documentaries.

MR. BAKER. I think an air of festivity is most important. We might include a carnival. There is a good deal of bunting lying about in the town, and the Scouts have at least half a dozen flags they can run up.

CHAIRMAN. If we can't do better than Pegg as a Distinguished Old Boy, can't we work up some youngster, thus showing that Weston Larva's cultural riches lie even more in the future than the past? Wasn't there a boy, Lavender Jones, who got a scholarship somewhere for something?

THE COUNTESS OF ECCLES. He gets free training as a waiter. I suppose we could use him in the refreshment tent. A better idea would be to get someone useful from outside and give them a scholarship here.

MR. HOGUE. A year for a writer of sensibility and promise to complete his masterpiece, free from earthly cares and gay distractions. All the festival committee can put him up in their spare bedrooms in turn. His food needn't come to much, and we might get the Stores to make a contribution in kind. Most of us have an old pencil or two lying about somewhere at home. That leaves only paper as an actual cash expense.

MR. BAKER. He will probably have a good deal of spare time on his hands, and I should be glad for some help with the Scouts. He would find many models among them for juvenile characters.

VICAR. It is very difficult to get men for the choir; may I urge the selection of a tenor?

CHAIRMAN. What kind of paper do writers use? I assume it goes without saying that we do choose a writer and not somebody with expensive overheads like a painter.

MISS VIGHT. Poets use less paper than novelists, even allowing for polishing.

CHAIRMAN. I suppose we advertise the job at once and then chair the victor at the beginning of the festival, using him for odd jobs during the course of it.

MR. BAKER. Why—I ask you, why—didn't I think of it before? Patrol-leader Weed is just the chap for you. He is really excellent at making up rhymes. For the last Patrol concert he wrote a topical version of "Drake's Drum," substituting Winston for Drake.

MR. HOGUE. I think it is essential that the talent should be imported, thus increasing the sum-total of local culture. I agree we should have a poet. One is never quite sure of the cultural status of novelists. How many times one has seen a *succès d'estime* turn into a best-seller.

CHAIRMAN. Well, that's settled. I'll put an ad. in *The Times Literary Supplement* to-morrow. Now, can we please have some more attractions? Dollars, gentlemen, dollars.

THE COUNTESS OF ECCLES. I am sure visitors to festivals pride themselves not only on culture but on endurance. We ought to have at least one item which lasts eight hours without a break. I suggest either all Three Parts of *Henry VI* or a brass-band contest.

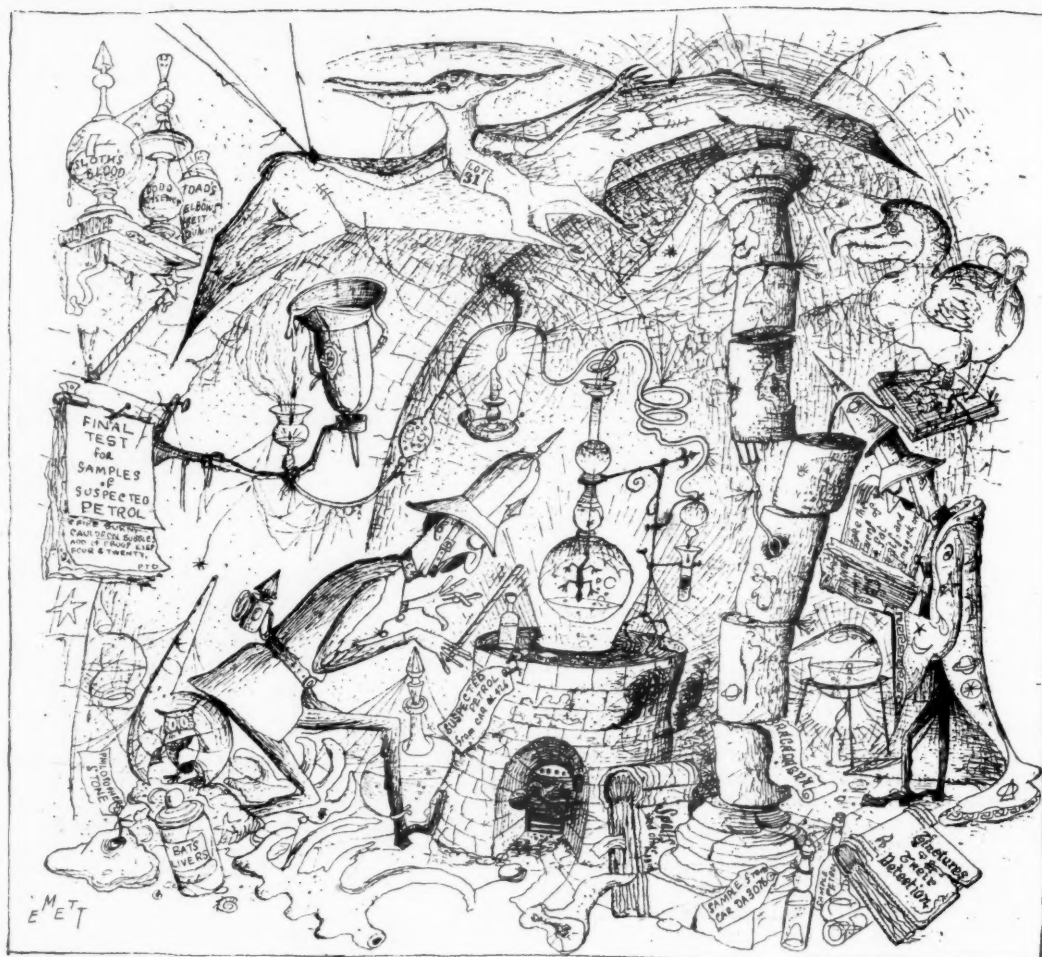
CHAIRMAN. I veto that. At least some of the committee would have to attend themselves. More suggestions, please.

VICAR. Do Americans care for ventriloquists?
[Silence falls with a thud.]

FINIS.



"... less five per cent. estimated depreciation."



Aunt Ada Tells Them.

"YOU young people," said Aunt Ada, "nowadays, You don't have any real fun. Oh, I know you have things like cocktail parties And we never had one; But we had such jokes about simply everything Under the sun.

There was one, you know, about your Grannie's picture; We called it 'Ermytrude.' Why? Well, darlings, I don't quite remember; Something rather rude, But oh! so funny—we used to *shriek* at it; Awfully good!

And then we'd one about Ahasuerus . . . Now what could that have been? I know it had something to do with goldfish— Yes!—and the soup-tureen . . . And of course there was that *frightful* bust of Shakespeare That stood between—

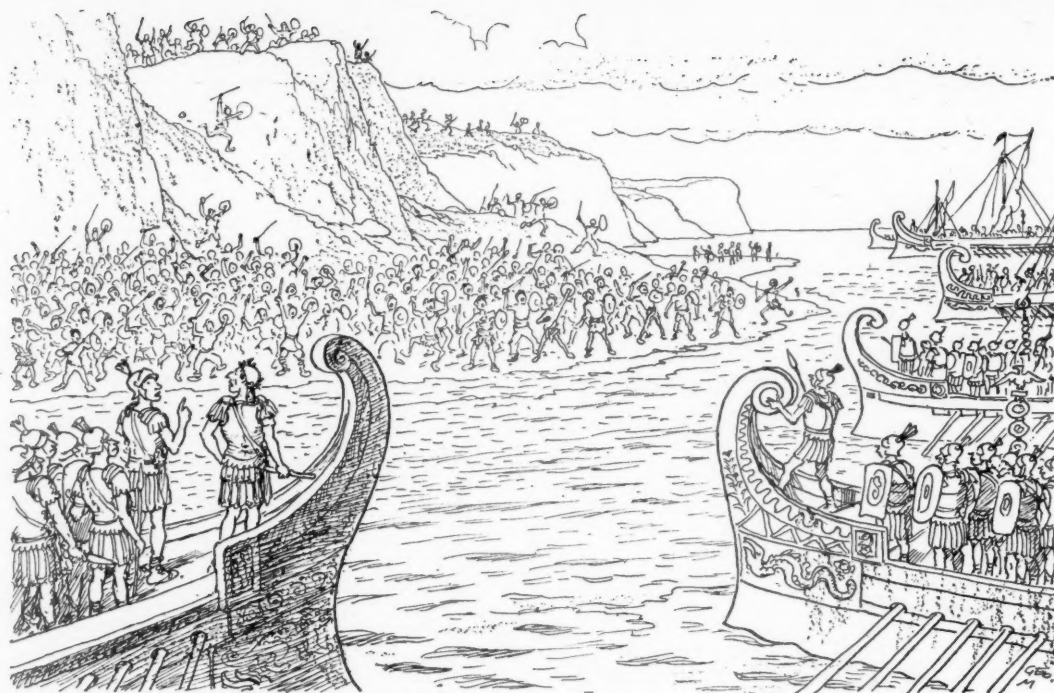
Now was it between the stairs and the pantry? Or was it—I quite forget. How you would laugh if you only saw it! . . . But funnier yet Was the lovely, lovely story about Humphrey And the suffragette . . .

And the one about Cousin Percy's braces— That was a scream . . . And that maid that we always called Maginty . . . And Aunt Audrey's dream— All about rabbits and—oh, yes!—*pancakes* . . . But the *cream*

Was Uncle Theo and the bad tomato . . . Darlings, I can feel the tears Running down my face at the very *thought* of it After all these years . . . What's that? You don't see anything to laugh at? No—joke? My—*dears*!" H. B.



ONE MAN RIVER



"But what did you expect, Julius, in the middle of the holidays?"

Hearts of Oakum

"WE'VE brought you two hundred miles to enjoy yourselves," I said fiercely, "and enjoy yourselves you shall."

Outside the window the rain was falling perpendicularly, as solid as an open sluice.

"If this goes on for the whole fortnight," said one of them, "it may easily cause a psychological scar which will never heal." Miss Gallehawk told us all about frustration and psychological scars this term. Some people go about with enormous ones all their lives without knowing it, only of course it makes them a frightful trial to others. Miss Gallehawk says if you treat a psychological scar early enough, just as if it was an ordinary burn—"

"I shall have a psychological scar the size of the Isle of Wight," I cried, "if we don't settle down and do something. I've shown you all the gambling games I know till I haven't a match left, I've given you a graphic outline of my early struggle, and now it's about time you entertained me. Here we are shut up in a room we've never been in before in our lives, and even if it's only tracing the pattern of the wall-paper we ought to be happy in it for weeks."

"It's white-washed," they said, with some force.

"Behind you on the wall," and I pointed, "are two rows of books. Other people's books. That in itself is a fascinating thought. We are now in a very serious-minded part of England and there is little doubt that here is a golden chance to improve our minds. Now the procedure I suggest* is that we each go over with our eyes shut, take a book, come back to the table, and after a quarter of an hour by my watch apprise each other of the contents."

This was better received than I expected. Fifteen minutes passed quickly, punctuated only by little snorts of genuine astonishment.

"Time!" I cried.

"This is the most unbelievable drip!"

"Not a love-story?"

"I suppose you could call it that."

"Good," I said. "I'm just in the mood."

"Well, it's called *Laura's Dream*, and it's about a shocking oaf called Laura—there's an illustration at the beginning to show what a shocking oaf she was—who was an orphan and lived with a Grannie who took in

washing. For some reason which isn't properly explained this Laura was all pent-up inside about a curate she hardly knew called Mr. Rugg. She and her Grannie used to go to church rather a lot, and Laura spent all the time just goofing at the wretched Rugg. And the way she mumbled to herself about him was simply horrible. Now and again she managed to bump into him at bun-fights and things, but she always nearly burst herself blushing, and afterwards wanted to put her head in the mangle because she was sure that Rugg thought she wasn't all there. She wasn't, either. That sort of sludge goes on for at least three hundred pages, the Rugg not even holding her hand, and then one skiddy night she's delivering washing on her bike and takes a header into a lamp-post, and a jolly good thing too. And who do you think picks her up, and moons into her eyes under the lamp-post and carries her—the great lump—home in his arms? Next day the Rugg comes and eats muffins, and when tea's over he takes Grannie into the parlour and explains how long it'll take him to become a bishop, and then he goes into the scullery and plants a wet kiss among

the bandages, and in the last line they're both sobbing over the sink. What Miss Gallehawk would say I just don't know!"

"Beautiful," I murmured. "How it warms my old heart! I hope there are lots more like that, and my holiday's made."

"There's one, anyway," said the other, his face contorted in anguish. "Ugh! Mine's called *Cynthia's Ring*, and honestly I'd rather forget about it. This fearful woman Cynthia goes for a holiday to the sea and meets a chap called Arthur, a horrid little spiv, I mean he doesn't play cricket or anything but just goes for walks with Cynthia over the downs and talks rot to her on the pier. Then they have a row and she goes bathing in a storm,

and as the silly simp can't swim I hoped with a bit of luck we were shot of her, but this beastly Arthur goes crashing into the sea and drags her out. You can imagine the rest. It's terrible."

"I feel sick. Honestly."

"I like the sound of it very much," I said, "but then I wasn't brought up on Much Binding and the Crazy Gang. Now I'll tell you about mine."

"What's it called?"

"*Gwendoline's Challenge*," I said. "It's about a girl with such beautiful trustful eyes that she has only to flap them at the most hardened criminals and they dislocate themselves rushing off to sign the pledge, and let themselves in for all the less popular forms of parish work. Now among the hardened criminals whose livelihood

she interferes with in this way is a particularly ruthless bag-snatcher-with-violence named Percival. No sooner has Percival snatched Gwendoline's bag, breaking her nose with a mallet in the ordinary way of business, than she just looks at him and instantly a lot of cogwheels begin to whirr in Percival's rusty heart. Love, which keeps this dear old world of ours spinning——"

"Stop!" they both cried together, quivering with very real indignation.

"Who can possibly read this mush?"

"The trouble with children to-day," I said, "is romance has passed them by. A sad loss. When I was your age——"

"Let's put on our bathing-dresses and go out for a good cleansing walk!" they cried. ERIC.

Volts x Amps = Watts

THE following letter, reproduced in its entirety from the *Sunday* —, caught my eye recently: "At the age of 94, a neighbour, Mrs. Watkins, mends her own fuses." Readers of the *Sunday* — always write to their editor like that, very succinctly and possibly to some point or other. The attempt to discover the point of such letters provides good clean Sabbath fun for the whole family, I find, keeps the children out of the crossword puzzle and breaks the monotony of the National Quiz.

The point here was not too obvious. The letter may have been intended as a veiled attack upon the Ministry of Fuel and Power, the Electricity Commission, or Society in General, it could have been an entry in some competition (of which we had missed the earlier rounds) to discover the oldest female fuse-mender. It was, and is, very worrying. You see, that letter may mislead people into thinking that mending fuses is an ideal pastime when the shadows lengthen in the evening of life instead of a dangerous exploit even for the stout of heart. Before it is too late let me recall for Mrs. Watkins's benefit the words of that grand old man of Wrixley (Surrey) on achieving his hundredth birthday. "I attributes me great age," he wheezed, "to not fiddlin' wi' fuses and such." Female nonagenarians should spend their time smelling of lavender and old lace instead of dashing around with silver threads of fuse-wire in their hair.

In the circumstances, and in view of the Clow Committee's latest recommendations,* a few words on fuses in general may not be out of place. Let us suppose that some electrical gadget in your home suddenly fails to work—your electric razor stalls among the stubble or the radio goes dead. Don't panic. Don't jump to the conclusion that a fuse has blown. It may only be that a few valves or motors have burned out. To check up, examine the other electrical gadgets. Ask yourself whether the clock has stopped, whether the refrigerator is working or not. And be honest with yourself: don't let your eyes and ears deceive you. If all your electrical equipment is out of order you should steel yourself for the shock that a fuse may possibly have blown, at least partially. But don't give up hope: it is conceivable that everything has gone wrong simultaneously. Send it off to be overhauled by a reliable electrician, or sell it and

buy new. If the new or overhauled equipment fails to work you may be quite certain that the worst has happened, and you must try to get used to the idea that a fuse needs mending.

Careful preparation should be made before the actual mending of the fuse is attempted. There is no need to evacuate the children: just send them off to a near relation for a day or two. Collect suitable lengths of wire of divers thicknesses, a pair of thick rubber gloves (wicket-keeping gloves will do), a rubber mat, a first-aid outfit, a dozen candles, a pencil and a stout exercise-book, and set them near the door of the cupboard under the stairs.

Now stand just to one side of the door, give it a sharp kick and jump quickly to one side to avoid the debris—old broom-handles, picture-frames, lamp-standards, etc. Count ten and then enter the cupboard. A crouching position enables you to breathe the purer air near the floor. Light the candles. The fuse-boxes can now be fumbled for and felt behind the junk in the far corner. Lean over, grab the switches in turn and . . . throw them. This is one of the best moments in the whole operation, so savour it to the full and repeat until satiety sets in. Now raise the lid of the box, pull out the pitcher fuse-bridges one by one and examine them carefully. Call for more coffee.

The important thing to remember about fixing a new fuse-wire is that it must be the correct size (diameter). Ordinary rulers are not much good for mensuration of this kind, but happily we have a ridiculously easy method of calculating the current flowing in the circuit, which amounts to the same thing. Remember that:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Watts} &= \text{Volts} \times \text{Amps, or, if you like,} \\ \text{Amps} &= \text{Watts} \div \text{Volts.} \end{aligned}$$

Where Amp means ampere, \div means divide and \times means multiply. For example, the amount consumed by a 1000-watt fire on a 240-volt circuit would be $1000 \div 240$, which equals . . . 4.1 amps. And anyone will tell you what an amp is.

All that now remains to be done is the replacing of the fuse-bridges, the closing of the fuse-box, the kicking away of superfluous fuse-bridges into a dark corner, the throwing of switches and the telephoning for the electrician.

If his circuit is good he should be around within the month. HOD.

* The proposal that electricity should cost more in winter and less in summer.

Chat With a Surveyor

I CAME to the point quickly, knowing that consultations with professional men are apt to be charged by the minute. "I have called," I said, "to hear what you thought of No. 4, The Wasteland."

Mr. Monarch coughed and gave me a practised glance, assessing my age and general state of repair. Even sitting in his swivel-chair he seemed to stoop, probably from long years spent in false roofs poking his fist through spongy rafters.

"Sit down," he said, indicating a chair. "It's badly worm-eaten."

I got up again.

"Not the chair," he said, scowling. I sat again. "You are seriously considering buying the property?"

I supposed he meant the house. When I had first written to the agents saying with indecent bluntness "I want to buy a house," their reply had noted that I was "desirous of acquiring a property."

"Well," I said, "my wife—"

Mr. Monarch, who may have been leaning against a damp streak somewhere, coughed again. He gazed up at his own ceiling's dry, smooth plaster. "Take your chimney," he said. "Expense in connection with it must be anticipated."

"You mean it's going to cost a packet?"

"The property is semi-detached, and the attics extend the full width of both properties; therefore the six-stack chimney of No. 4 is partly in the attic of No. 5, while the six-stack chimney of No. 5 is p—"

"Vice versa, eh?" It was rude of me to interrupt, but time was money.

"—partly in the attic of No. 4," he concluded loudly.

"Just so," I said.

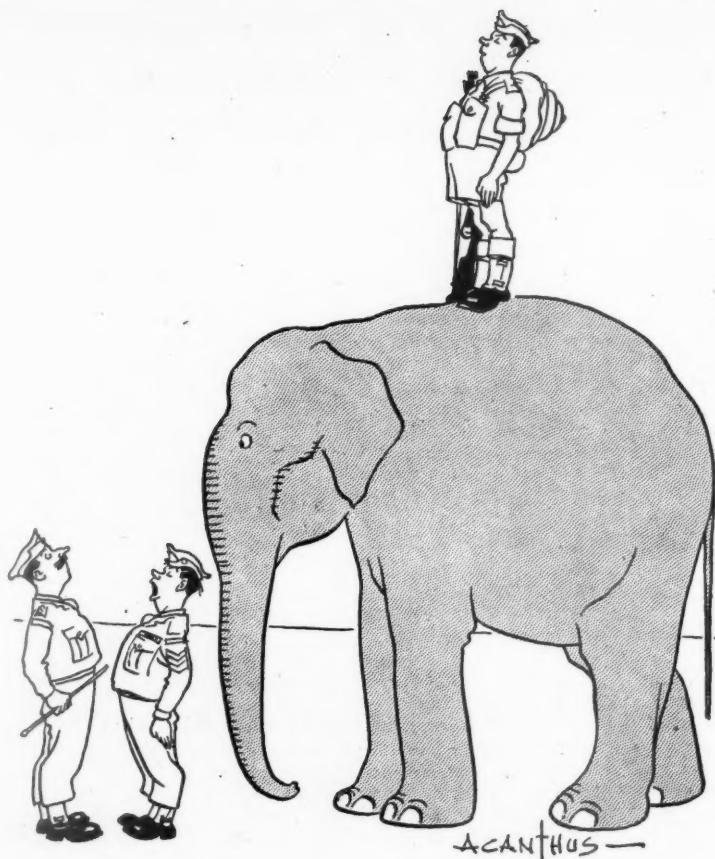
"So that any defects in the six-stack chimney of No. 4 may cause difficulties in the attic of No. 5, while any—"

"Any defects in the sax-stick chamney of—"

Mr. Monarch flexed his jaw-muscles, rubbed the edge of his desk and examined the palm of his hand without, apparently, finding traces of dry-rot.

"Take your roof. Each roof extends over both 4 and 5. Expense in connection with them must be anticipated. The rear of No. 4 has access from No. 5, and the front of No. 5 has access from No. 4; that is to say that without agreement on an equitable arrangement for maintenance of roofs and gutters, considerable complications—"

"I see that."



"Private Buggins, sir—he missed the boat at Karachi."

Lament of One Who Might Have Been a Poet

I LONGED to be a poet and to scale
The heights of fame:
I had my line
All neatly planned
And
It wasn't exactly tame. I would be
The freest bard of the times. But,
Alas for all my plans! I can't help
Writing verse that
Rhymes.
And, whatever I do—it
Scans.

I know
It's just the weaker sort that play the
game
By rules:
That rhyme and line are
The last resort of the dead-as-
mutton
Schools. I know
That a poet only climbs if metre
He scorns
And bans.

But
I
Can't help writing verse that rhymes,
and,
Whatever I do—
It scans.

I've done my best,
For you'd never guess, at least
To look at
The thing,
That I'd ever heard of metre and
stress, or
Felt the urge to "sing." But
I
Might as well write for
Pantomimes.
I'm the last of the
Also-rans.
For I can't help writing verse that
Rhymes, and, whatever
I do—
It
Scans.

"The valley gutter also extends over both 4 and 5, and expense in connection with it—"

"I do see that," I said.

"—must be anticipated." Mr. Monarch coughed again. "You want re-battening and re-tiling. Your flaunchings want repairing. You want treating," he ran on malevolently, "against the ravages of worm."

"Isn't that putting it rather strongly?"

"You want your laths and plaster stripping. They are"—he ground his teeth slightly, with a noise like a party-wall slowly subsiding—"in a very defective, dirty and worm-eaten condition."

"Thank you," I said. "Mrs. Billings feels—"

Mr. Monarch waved my wife's name aside as if it had been a request to survey a gasman's shelter. "Take the shed. Its roof is a lean-to continuation—"

"By 'shed,'" I said, "do you mean what the agent's specification described as a 'delightful sun loggia'?"

There is nothing, after all, lower than a shed.

"—of the roof of No. 5, whose internal wall is also an internal wall of the shed. The roof receives the rainwater from adjoining roofs. Both roof and wall are in a defective condition. Take the garden boundary wall..."

I withdrew my attention for a moment, reflecting with relief that the bank had already agreed to lend me a large sum of money against this mound of wet plaster and brick-ends.

"... to report on them," Mr. Monarch was saying, "without a much more extensive survey."

"I'm sorry. I didn't quite—?"

"I'm taking the drains."

"Oh. What's wrong with the drains?"

He shifted in his chair. Either it was a trick of the light, or the tip of his nose quivered a little. He shrugged.

"Impossible to tell." He leaned forward and sank his voice a shade. "It seems probable that you and the adjoining property will drain together."

"Snug," I said. "But, Mr. Monarch—"

"Take your south wall," he said, back in his stride. "It shows signs of long penetration by the weather."

"You mean by the rain?"

"Should it become necessary to erect scaffolding to repair the tile-hanging, or the wood-studding under the—"

"We thought the bow-windows rather quaint," I said, "and the

surrounding creeper. As a matter of fact, my wife—"

"Take your external joinery," said Mr. Monarch, disregarding this. "The sills are perished and covered with lead. They will not last indefinitely. The—"

I stood up.

"Mr. Monarch," I said firmly. "I think I should tell you that Mrs. Billings is very taken with the house. Especially when referring to it as a delightful Regency Cottage with a delightful Sun Loggia. She is enraptured by the bow-windows, captivated by the creeper. She—"

"You should have told me that before," said Mr. Monarch.

"I tried."

"Because, naturally, nothing I say can prevent completion now."

He rose, touching a bell-push on his desk.

"I should merely like to know," I said, "how many of these matters need

immediate attention. You have used the word 'anticipated.' Does this mean that, before the house actually falls down...?"

He sat down again as the door opened behind me.

"You ought to get it seen to," he said, "within the next..." He paused, calculating.

"Yes?" I said. "Yes?"

"... Five years," said Mr. Monarch. "Good day to you."

I wished, as I left, that I had managed to get the question in earlier. The interview had been a long and harrowing one. Expense in connection with it must be anticipated.

J. B. B.

A Good Afternoon's Work

"A Nailsworth Branch of the Women's Conservative Association garden party was held at The Laurels, by permission of Mrs. Tod, on July 22nd. Mrs. V. Fyffe dealt with Communism."—*Gloucestershire paper*.



"I hear Jones of City Signs has sacked his manager."

"LOCK up the scourge and the hair-shirt!"

orders Mr. ELWYN BROOK-JONES, bustling on in an admirably-built d.b. jacket.

One consults the programme and finds that the play is indeed *Tartuffe*—MOLIÈRE'S comedy which has developed a certain reputation since 1664. But the voice of three centuries does not reassure the latest translator, the Earl of LONGFORD, or Mr. PETER POWELL, the Arts producer. The audience, they think, may be bored.

How to avoid it? Simple. Turn the text into rhymed couplets and the players into modern dress. Get steel furniture. Give an umbrella to *Orgon*. Turn *Dorina*, MOLIÈRE'S maid, into "a friend of *Mariana's*." Banish style; offer slickness. And, subtlety of all, introduce the people as puppets and get them to stiffen again at the last into the mere dolls of the puppet-master. Surely the word is "Bang on"? In one sense, agreed: it is remarkable that the play survives the blow.

Until *Tartuffe* appears the evening wilts. True, we realize that Mr. CHARLES LLOYD PACK knows all about that walking loofah, *Orgon*, and could play him well in a straightforward revival. (There is, as Hamlet nearly said, much music, excellent voice in this little *Orgon*.) We see too that Miss JOYCE HERON as *Elmira*, Miss DAPHNE SLATER as *Mariana*, and Miss PAMELA STIRLING as the transformed *Dorina* have all the right vivacity and attack. Alas, the comedy has lost its stride; it taps along in short steps to the tune of its tumty-tumty couplets. Then *Tartuffe* enters, and MOLIÈRE asserts himself. It is a superb part; sweet are the uses of hypocrisy. Although here the man's stature is reduced, he still remains a dominating figure, a magnified Uriah Heep. Mr. BROOK-JONES endows him with a slimy smile and a hissing accent: the sleek fellow is at once slug and viper.

In spite of translator and producer the real play begins to bubble to the surface. Its best scene is, surprisingly, the last. When *Tartuffe* returns—prepared to triumph over his dupe—Mr. STANLEY VAN BEERS as the

At the Play

Tartuffe (ARTS)—Hoagy Carmichael and Variety (CASINO)
The Blue Room Mystery (NEW LINDSEY)

accompanying gendarmes suddenly rides for a moment upon an eloquent flood. It has nothing to do with 1948; we are whirled away from tic-tac and New Look: this is the spirit of 1664. A minute, and it is over; we are back with the puppets, reflecting that from a masterpiece we expect to bring away more than a memory of a few speeches

this time he has written a few songs—good songs—and that since, remarkably, there appears to be a piano in the vast and middle of the Casino stage, no one perhaps will object if he plays it. No one objects; and Mr. CARMICHAEL, clucking with pleasure at his discovery—and also at the three-piece band behind him—settles at the piano, tugs a microphone, consults what he calls a "cue card," and strays into melody while the house shouts for "Stardust" and

proves that it knows Mr. CARMICHAEL and appreciates him. Now and again he grows confidential; he tells us how it came about; he shakes his head in mild surprise at the things that can happen to a plain and simple writer of songs. Maybe, after a while, as I did, you slip into a drowse, you are conscious only of a soothing-syrup voice, a gentle melody, a blur of light. When vision clears and the trance breaks, Mr. CARMICHAEL is moving reluctantly towards the wings. It has been a good session, but a second house is due and there are still the trick-cyclists to come. The Casino programme has other pleasures, notably a one-man band named REX RAMER, who does everything with his voice and a microphone, and who, when he is not singing alto or bass, is quite likely to become a trumpet or cello. LES COMPAGNONS DE LA CHANSON are effortless and French; but Mr. CARMICHAEL is the master-hypnotist.



[Variety, London Casino]

WINNING NUMBERS

<i>À la Chanson</i>	LES COMPAGNONS
<i>At the Microphone</i>	JOHNNY LOCKWOOD
<i>At Ease</i>	Mlle. MARIORA
<i>At the Piano</i>	HOAGY CARMICHAEL

and scenes, an occasional gesture—note Mr. BROOK-JONES'S weaving hands—and the swing of *Orgon's* umbrella as Mr. LLOYD PACK trots in from the office.

At the Arts everyone is trying very hard: at the Casino they hide all effort. Take Mr. HOAGY CARMICHAEL, from Minneapolis. The first we hear of him is towards the tail of the evening when Mr. CARMICHAEL, looking like somebody from one of O. Henry's gentler pieces, strolls musing towards mid-stage. He is grave, mild-eyed, informally dressed—I seem to remember an open-necked shirt, and was there also a white hat? We gather that in

At the New Lindsey we return to struggling. M. LAJOS BIRO'S laborious play about divorce is set in a millionaire's London home and in the Divorce Court. The Lindsey designer, Mr. RICHARD LAKE, must often have envied the Cornish giant, Tregear, who had only to weave ropes of sand. Still, there is no limit to his ingenuity on the postage-stamp stage; if need be he would have made an excellent thing of M. BIRO'S Blue Room which we do not enter. The play that now wanders vaguely among Mr. LAKE'S sets is plainly a mistake—by both author and management—though Miss LUCIELLE GRAY and Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL do their best to hide it. J. C. T.

Imperial Reference

THE traveller in Central Africa, whether in pursuit of big game or small taxes, is likely to have some difficulty in accustoming himself to the language of the inhabitants, whether their skins be chocolate-coloured or salmon pink. I do not refer to the Union of South Africa, where a modest proficiency in the Afrikaans and Aberdonian dialects should suffice, nor to the Congo, where Benelux Swahili predominates (the student may learn much from the lyrics of Miss Josephine Baker), but to those extensive areas of pink on the map loosely known as the Rhodesias.

The disenchanted ex-serviceman arriving in his lorry, or the peerless fleeing on her motor-cycle from the benefits of peace, may temporarily be lulled into a false sense of familiarity by their first view of the towns of this area, with their corrugated-iron roofs cunningly painted to resemble the red tiles of suburbia, and their trim rows of privet-hedges (although, *mutatis mutandis*, the actual material is usually milk-cactus). There are even tennis-courts—made of stamped red ant-hill—which resound with the pleasantly British cries of "Sorry, partner," and "My ball, I think." But the newcomer should not be deceived; he is in a foreign land, and presently one or other of the players will halt, fixing with an imperious eye the dusky piccanin who does duty as ball-boy, and inquire: "Oopi lo blasted balls kameena?"

This language, if such it can be called, is known as Kitchen Kaffir; and it is one of the fondest of Colonial illusions that it bears some relation to the dialect of the kraals. The puzzled aborigines refer to it as "The White Man's Tongue," and would probably be at a loss to explain why the white man has two tongues while they get along quite well with one. For them it is probably more difficult to learn than it is for the white settler, who has only to remember that *oopi* means "where" and *kameena* means "my," and fill in the gaps in his knowledge with English words, spoken in loud clear tones with the prefix *lo* attached. Thus it is said that when a small gold-mine in Southern Rhodesia recently subsided into its own shaft, the British proprietor was heard to inquire of his Matabele foreman: "Oopi lo perfectly good Babcock and Wilcox boiler kameena?"

There have been several attempts by well-meaning grammarians to place Kitchen Kaffir on the same respectable



"He's overdoing things as usual."

footing as Esperanto and other artificial languages, but these have been foiled by the Rhodesian housewife, who prefers to say *flydi* when she means "Friday," and not *Msomboluku-sihlano*, as one authority unhelpfully suggests.

My own favourite Kitchen Kaffir word, for its onomatopœic suggestions of finality, is *tilonk*, meaning "prison"; but less morbid and more useful in general conversation are the terms *maningi*, meaning "much," *stelek*, meaning "ever so," and *mushi* meaning "good." These have been used with great effect by a Rhodesian poetess who is the author of the only known poem in the Kitchen Kaffir tongue, dedicated I know not to whom, which begins with the touching lines:

*Wena funile meena maningi stelek,
Funile fanika Kitsi funa melek,*

meaning "You used to love me very much; you loved me as a cat loves milk." These syllables are worthy of

the language of love; I have myself heard them uttered with the passion of Othello. It was when I had bought a pair of translucent muslin curtains from the African Lakes Trading Corporation. Displayed at my window, they aroused joy and envy in the breast of one Chomba Chipanta, who asked me whether I thought they would be suitable for conversion into trousers. I had my doubts, but agreed to let him take the curtains down to the compound, to seek the opinion of his wife.

Twenty minutes later he was back, beaming all over his brown face.

"Well, Chomba," I asked, "what's the verdict?"

"Bwana," he replied, "Missus she say: *maningi mushi stelek*, too much."

"Three-wheel Tricycle wanted for boy aged four years."—*Advt. in Surrey paper.*

How old is this boy?



"Cor! That's not even a quid a foot."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

G. G. Coulton

Most people as they advance in life insensibly incline to the view that parents suffer more from their children than children from their parents. Miss SARAH CAMPION's *Father* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 12/6), a portrait of her father, the late G. G. Coulton, is therefore likely to appeal less strongly to the elderly than to the young and the youngish. Professor Coulton, an inveterate controversialist who spent many years arguing with Chesterton, Belloc and other Catholics about the mediæval church, did not marry until he was forty-six. Both as pictured by his daughter and as revealed in his writings, he was prickly, cantankerous and overbearing; and as more than forty years of his life were passed in the nineteenth century the battles which raged between him and his daughters, and especially, it would seem, Miss CAMPION, were both fierce and incessant. At fifteen Miss CAMPION was so sickened by the superstition and snobbery of churchgoing that she refused to be confirmed. In due course she submitted to the spell of D. H. Lawrence, and taking to novel-writing, expressed herself with a freedom which elicited an unusually tactful letter from her by now perhaps rather exhausted father. The French, he said, were *risqué* in a delicate and allusive way, and would she not follow their example? Underneath this clash of egotisms there was real love on both sides, and the final impression Miss CAMPION leaves of her father is of an essentially affectionate nature, tormented by a disharmony he was never able to resolve.

H. K.

Spring Begins in Autumn.

It is unfortunate that few will pay for necessities what they pay for superfluities—unfortunate both for consumer and producer. Because food struck her as coming under the first head and some, if not all, wars under the second, Miss E. M. BARRAUD put in five and a half years as a land-girl before she was invalidated out with rheumatism and ten clothing coupons in 1944. She has already described her experiences in the Cinderella of the Services. *Tail Corn* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 10/6) tells of a life gallantly restarted with the rheumatism, the clothing coupons, and the seeing eye, deft hand and unconquerable soul of forty-plus. In an overcrowded field—for popular readiness to read about the land is only equalled by popular reluctance to stay on it—her book is outstanding. A child of the Kent-Surrey border, she made her post-war home in the comparatively unsophisticated East Anglia of her war-work. Anything characteristic, from men and women to buildings and birds, from gnarled and lichen-covered apple-trees to gnarled and lichen-covered speech, is grist to her mill. A worker to whom books are "an adjunct to living," she is to be congratulated on having written such a book herself.

H. P. E.

It Happened in Spain.

To so seasoned a traveller as Mr. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM the long journey from twentieth-century Malaya to sixteenth-century Spain is but a holiday excursion; and it is as a literary holiday excursion that one is inclined to classify the story of *Catalina* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), the beautiful cripple who, cured of her affliction by a miracle, rejects the cloister and potential canonization for matrimony and the hazardous life of a strolling player. It has the air of having been written for fun and, when once it has got well going, which takes rather longer than seems necessary, it is very good fun to read. Mr. MAUGHAM himself calls it a romance, but that description is challenged by an irony which is more proper to the *conte philosophique*: there are pages which might have come out of "Candide." The irony, however, is intermittent, for while it is given full play with Doña Beatriz, the aristocratic prioress who schemes to set up Catalina as rival to no less a saint than Teresa of Avila, her opposite number, the austere Bishop of Segovia, gets a generous measure of sympathy. Once Catalina and her Diego are on the open road we are near the realm of the picaresque, and that of pure fantasy is surely reached when Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, unnamed but unmistakable, put in a personal appearance. Mr. MAUGHAM, in short, might be accused of uncertainty of intention; but that should not spoil enjoyment of a "strange, almost incredible, but edifying narrative." *Catalina*, with her common-sense and her joy of living, is a delightful creature.

F. B.

Ranger of Texas

The parish of Selborne sufficed Gilbert White. Mr. ROY BEDICHEK takes the State of Texas as hunting-ground for *Adventures With a Naturalist* (GOLLANZ, 12/6). His theme is "Man, disturber of balances"—from the extermination of the bighorn by the pioneers to the slaughter by contemporary airmen, on behalf of the sheep-raisers, of one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five golden eagles within two years. Man has been disturbing Nature's balance and is paying for it by sitting on the penitent's bench with a bowl full of dust. (Mr. BEDICHEK's excellent chapters on fences are ruefully conscience-stricken.) To English readers the book's chief charm is its copious, delightful detail. Inca doves, blue gilia (a flower with a

name like a bird), paisano (a bird with a name like a flower), skunks, armadilloes, egrets: of these and a hundred strange and colourful birds, beasts, flowers and fishes he tells us in a style the artful ease of which a little disguises his close, accurate observation, that hall-mark of all good naturalists. This book, the result of a lifetime's study, the immediate product of a sabbatical year and written in a century-old limestone house on the Edwards Plateau, is an eye-opener for any English reader who thinks of Texas solely in terms of oil-derricks and Rangers in more or less glorious Technicolor.

E. C. S.

The Old-New Navy

Mr. MICHAEL LEWIS, upon whom the mantle of the late Sir Geoffrey Callender has fallen both as Professor of History at Greenwich and as a writer able to interpret our maritime past with ardour and vision equalling his knowledge of his subject, provides in *The Navy of Britain* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 30/-) a survey of the origin and development of the Fleet through the centuries from what will be to many people a quite new angle. His main aim is to demonstrate that the Navy to-day is still in essentials precisely what it has been from its earliest beginnings—"all British Shipping and all British Seamen." The Little Ships of Dunkirk are the lineal descendants of the ships that gathered from every English harbour to meet the Armada; the R.N.R. officer is the modern counterpart of the seaman officer of Drake's day; and the "wavy Navy," which so magnificently justified its existence during the Second World War, has a like prototype in the fighting officer—the "Gentleman Volunteer"—of Elizabethan times. The book is no chronicle of battles, no pageant of sea power; its concern is rather with the long and gradual process of development which has made the Navy what it is; and although naturally actions are bound to come into the narrative, they do so to illustrate the evolution in tactics, ship design and armament which brought about their results. Of the possible effect of many of the changes consequent on the Second World War Mr. LEWIS has not a great deal to say. They belong still, as he justly observes, to the future and not to the past, and are therefore more the province of the prophet than of the historian. Upon one point, however, he speaks with certainty—namely, the morale of the Navy of Britain in all its branches, which through so many chances and changes has remained "the mainspring of our Navy's strength and the prime cause of its success."

C. F. S.

Austrian Wizard

Mesmerism (MACDONALD, 6/-) is the first translation into English of Dr. Franz Mesmer's *Mémoire sur la Découverte du Magnétisme Animal* (1779); it has been made by Captain V. R. MYERS at the instigation of Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU, who contributes an interesting introduction in the course of which he claims that Mesmer should be regarded as the father of modern psychotherapy, though he points out how he remained ignorant of the hypnotic origin of the powers he seems undoubtedly to have possessed. It was hardly surprising that so exciting a physician should quickly have achieved fame, first in Vienna, then in Paris; for in order to stimulate the animal magnetism which he insisted brought the human body under the influence of the planets, and was different from mineral magnetism, he made his patients grasp metal bars projecting from a large vat filled with water, iron filings and other likely bits and pieces, while he himself, garbed in anti-magnetic clothes, conducted the proceedings with a wand—music and mirrors playing

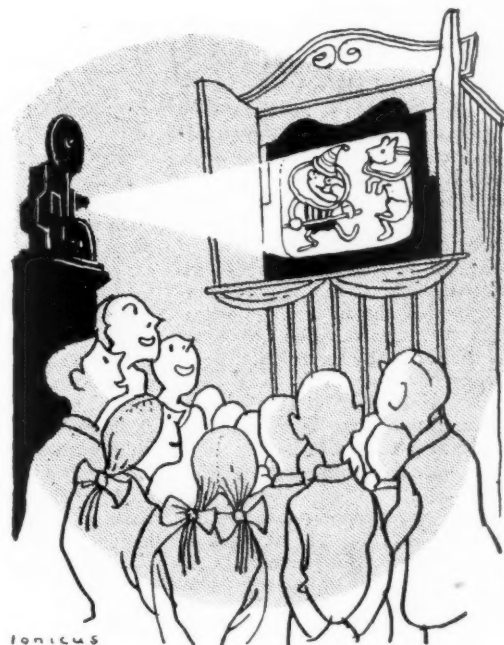
their part in intensifying the treatment. It all sounds very odd, but a good deal of the testimony to his cures reads convincingly enough. Much space which could better have been spent in explaining the curiosities of his system is devoted to his endless altercations with his outraged colleagues, with the parents of a patient named deliciously Miss Paradis, and with a Jesuit called, with equal felicity, Father Hell; but Mesmer was a doughty fighter and his account of the intrigues against him is far from dull.

E. O. D. K.

Poor Company

Even for North Oxford—and never farther north than South Parks Road—the population of Mrs. JOANNA CANNAN's new novel is a peculiarly unappetizing mixture of climbers and shirkers. Apart from a child who dies young—and, on the evidence, was qualifying for class two—there is no one in *Little I Understood* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) who exhibits any grace of living whatsoever. The climber-in-chief, Dr. Oglethorpe, erects the ordinary G.P.'s need for social standing and a comfortable base into a monument of selfishness. His son-in-law (1918 vintage) extends his abhorrence of the Oglethorpe order into the more fashionable line of no order whatsoever. The upshot is characteristically expressed by the hero's mother in an interview with his forsaken wife. "People change, and so they should. *What are we here for but to change body into spirit?*" (Italics the author's.) Unluckily Mildred, *née* Oglethorpe, fails to appreciate the spiritual opportunities accruing from her husband's liaison with an art student. But her conventional fidelity has outlived its market; and the compassion that prompted her husband's proposal has expended itself in a gesture. As a series of Oxford *album-blätter* the book's petty squalors are uncomfortably recognizable. Perhaps there was something to be said for celibate dons and the humanities after all.

H. P. E.



Ducksomania

THE psychological significance of the common celluloid duck in the bathroom has been fully explored by Graf von Fragebogen in his monumental work, *Die Entenim Badenzimmer*, but world causes, firstly the war, secondly paper shortage, have militated against the wider circulation of what would undoubtedly have ranked as the scientific best-seller of the century.

Regarded purely as a social phenomenon, the subject amply repays close study. Since Henrik Ibsen boldly tore the curtain from one aspect of married life with his *Wild Duck*, the effect of the celluloid or floating toy duck upon home and marriage has become increasingly recognized and accepted on the Continent. The natural reticence of British and Americans has up to now prevented any public discussion and appreciation of vital problems.

Cases reviewed by von Fragebogen have their tragic counterparts in all civilized countries, i.e., in all countries where they have bathrooms.

Though they are seldom or never referred to in polite conversation, their discussion being almost entirely confined to the more advanced psychological thinkers, there is general recognition of the harm that might be caused to even the most promising marriage when, the honeymoon over, the bride realizes with mingled horror and dismay that her husband delights in the company of a celluloid duck in his bath.

This is a situation which, common enough, is so charged with tragedy that I have yet to find a single example, in this country or abroad, of a lady novelist's having used it in one of her books. Certainly it has never been used on stage or cinema screen. The nearest approach is the hint of the presence of a celluloid duck in the bath when (a) Agamemnon and (b) Marat were murdered.

To the bride, the revelation is so unexpected, the truth so different from anything which she in her innocence might have imagined. She has been given no hint, nobody has told her anything to prepare her for facts so grim and stark. Unless she is a very wise young woman, or has been married before, she sees no way to handle such a situation, so fraught with the unknown.

The wise bride, properly schooled by her mother, or the widow, knows exactly what to do. She just carries on along the well-laid lines, regarding her husband as, for twenty-four hours a day, nothing else but a Big Baby (or

Goof). Women who cling fast to that one principle never have marriage troubles.

Even so, this duck business is something which, for the sake of being on the safe side, her mother might have devoted some time to explaining. Her mother of course might with justice claim that the duty is one which falls more justly to the bridegroom's mother, who brought the Goof into the world and ought to know where he is weakest.

To digress. O reader, how much harm might have been averted, how many tears avoided, how many broken lives saved, had a bridegroom's mother but taken the little bride quietly away into a little corner before the little ceremony and in little phrases explained that the bridegroom (or Goof) was a celluloid duck addict. So easily could she have placed the circumstances in their right perspective, so easily have prepared the bride for a shock, so easily have let the Brave Little Girl know what she was letting herself in for.

The bride might then—with a little study of celluloid ducks on her own account—have met her husband on common ground. For there is so much that is fascinating about the creatures (the ducks, I mean). So much is there the sexes can enjoy in common. The choosing, by colour and size, the manipulation.

Colour one must of course consider in relation to the colour scheme of the bathroom and the temperament of the owner. Behind closed bathroom doors the most masculine and sophisticated of celluloid-duck-owners regards it as his prerogative to use his duck as he will. Naturally, the attitude of owner to duck varies according to individual temperament.

Fragebogen quotes the extremes, the man who, having floated his duck, ignores it except to put it right way up when it capsizes, and the man who, more experimentally minded, is constantly testing the capabilities and potentialities of the *Badenzimmerspielsache*.

He quotes a typical case—a man who became so fascinated by the discovery that if he held his duck under water and released it it would spring to the surface and turn a somersault, that he forgot why he was in the bath at all. He was continually subjected to the mortification of being sent back to the bathroom to wash lather from behind his ears. Such cases of complete oblivion are fortunately rare, but they are common enough to have cast a dubious light about celluloid-duck owning.

A further case quoted by Fragebogen, worth repeating here, is that of a scientist who used experiments with his celluloid duck as the basis of a treatise to refute certain of the findings of Archimedes.

His critics easily refuted him by establishing that when rapt in his calculations he had absentmindedly twiddled the hot tap with his toe, thus permitting intermittent quantities of hot water to enter the bath, so that though the temperature remained constant the volume of the water did not.

Admitting the truth of this, the physicist died a disappointed man.

Reverting to the social importance of the celluloid duck, psychiatrists say that the best course for a wife confronted with a celluloid duck in the soap-tray is to ignore it. If she is one of the gabby kind, and cannot let well alone, she had better buy a duck herself and make the best of it. The worst thing she can do is to criticize her husband's duck or to belittle it. If there are children, both can adopt the pleasant little fiction that the duck belongs to them. The first childless years are the worst.

Fictional transference of ownership of the celluloid duck to the children saves the wife the embarrassment of dashing to the bathroom before the unexpected guest who wants to wash his hands, to bung the duck into the linen airing cupboard where he cannot see it and where it need not be explained away.

It also saves her from having to fish it out of the airing cupboard when the coast is clear. She knows very well that if her husband does not see it in the soap-dish he will be prevented by his masculinity from looking farther than his nose for it. He is by nature compelled to sulk and complain that he cannot leave anything for five minutes without somebody shifting it.

That is known as Causation. It causes wives to go out buying weed-killer.

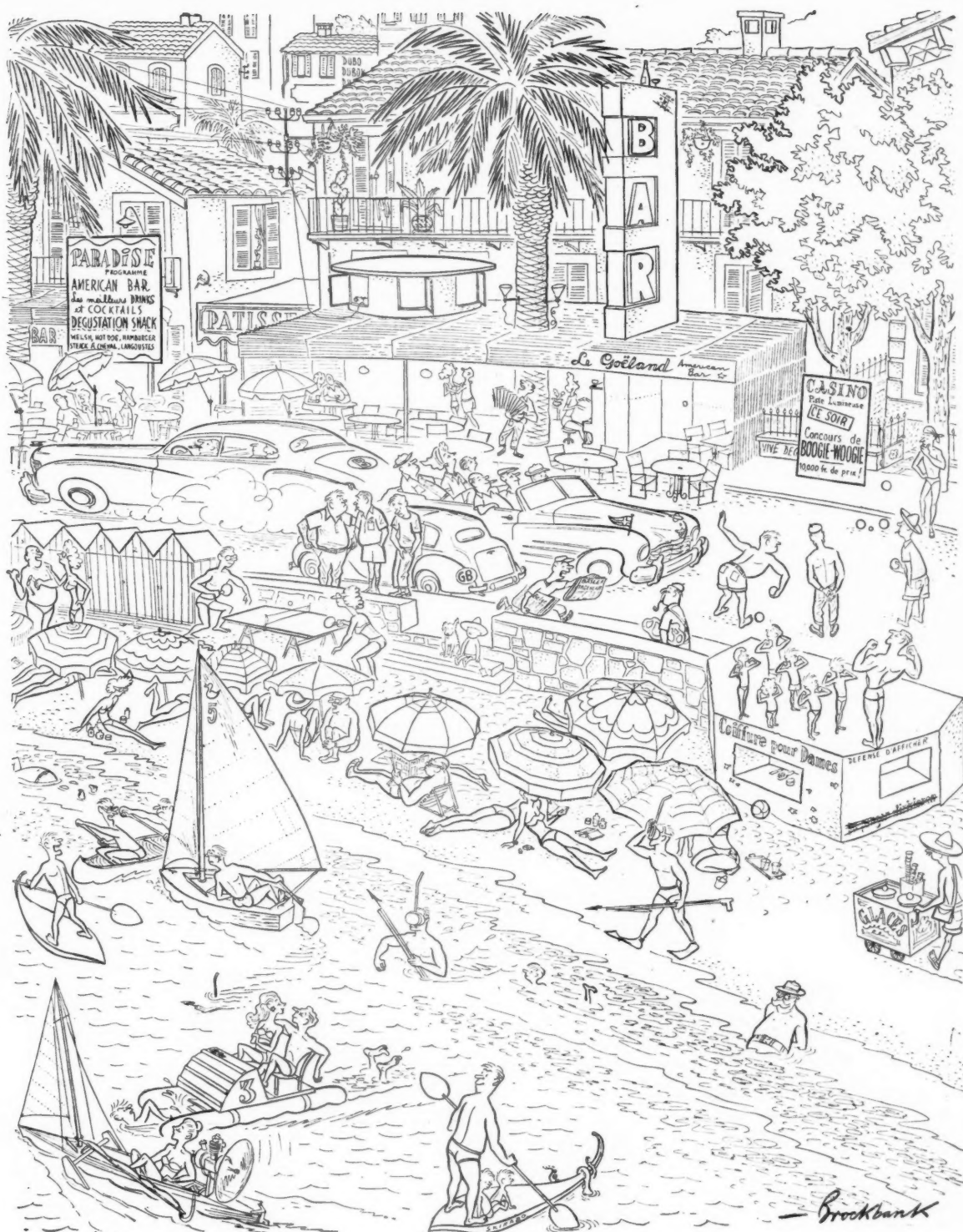
o o

Ego

WHEN you
Read *Who's Who*
And feel a bit of a yahoo
Faced with so many who *are* Who,
It can help a lot
To be glad that you're not.

After all, anybody can be Who,
But it takes you to be you.

J. B. B.



£35 AND ALL THIS

How to Consult a Doctor.

THIS highly personal case-history will show you the need for a new technique in tackling the medical profession. At the time in question I had pains in the head, brought on by the tenant in the flat above who was wrestling with the script for a silent film on a noiseless typewriter. Driven frantic by the hush I went straight to my doctor.

"And what seems to be amiss?" asked the doctor, placing the tips of his fingers together and slightly closing his eyes.

"I have pains in the head."

"Just so. Now, I want you to touch your toes three times. What do you feel?"

"Pains in the head."

"Precisely," said the doctor, producing a small hammer of the kind used for breaking up toffee.

"Now, I am going to tap you smartly on the temple, thus. And again, thus. What do you feel?"

"Pains in the head," I answered.

The doctor advanced upon me; struck me on the chest and listened for the echo; hit me on both knee-caps; played the xylophone on my spine; and again asked me how I felt.

"I have pains in the head," I replied, sticking to my point.

"Quite so," said the doctor. "That is what I am beginning to suspect. In my view—although you may care to take a second opinion—your trouble is occipital algia."

"Speaking as mammal to mammal," I said, "what does that mean?"

"It means pains in the head," said the doctor. "These—ah—pains will continue until they get better. You will then notice some—ah—amelioration. You have your cheque book on you? Excellent."

"Is there anything I can take for it?" I asked.

"Why not!" said the doctor thoughtfully. He rolled some huge pills out of a box marked "Veterinary Sample" and handed them to me. "Try these. Who knows!"

As I was going a thought struck him.

"If the pain stops," he said, suddenly interested, "you might let me know. You might let *The Scalpel* know too. They'll take anything up to one thousand words with a strong love-interest and a happy ending."

When I reached home my wife gave me an aspirin and the pains disappeared.

It was from this experience that I worked out my theory that you should only visit a doctor when you are *well*, and that you should get *your* questions in first.

One day, after going into strict training, I returned to this particular healer. Marching straight into his surgery I seized the stethoscope from his ears and, plugging in, I placed the chilly end on his chest.

"Wheezy!" I said, "with some atmospherics. Change your valves. And now, my good man, when were you qualified?"

The doctor, blushing slightly, told me the year in which he took his degree.

"Indeed!" I said. "A very poor year that. Not a vintage year at all. You just scraped through, I suppose?"

The doctor nodded humbly.

"Shaky on your bio-chemistry, I dare say?"

"Frankly, yes."

"Only B minus for Anatomy, eh? As for Physiology, your report reads: 'Inattentive in class—could do better,' eh?"

"I fear so—yes."

Having shaken his Ego to its very Id, I resumed physical examination. "Strip to the waist and go and lie down on that very cold American-cloth couch by that wide-open window."

Idly turning the pages of a magazine, I allowed time for both his lungs to become affected by exposure. "That will do. Now dress again. I notice you need new braces. Put your tongue out. Farther out. Now say 'Indelible pencil' until I tell you to stop."

During his poor attempts at this I smoked a cigarette.

"That will do. Put your tongue back where you found it. Now for your personal habits. You are a heavy smoker, passionately addicted to your pipe?"

"I am," he confessed.

"Knock it off at once," I ordered. "Also, you find that an after-dinner glass of you-know-what settles the digestion and invites sound sleep?"

"I do."

"Knock that off, too. You play golf?"

"Although only an eighteen-handicap man, I revere the game."

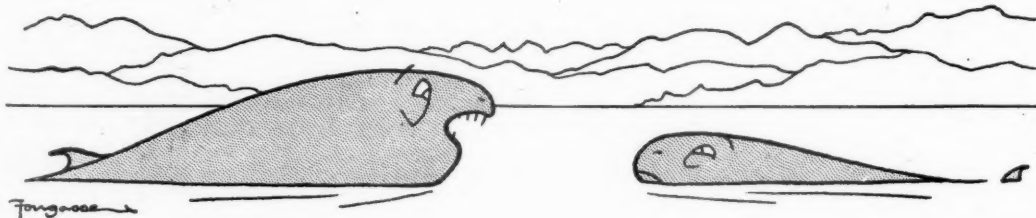
"Give it up at once. All this self-indulgence is rotting your character."

My eye fell upon a hypodermic syringe lying on the table. Filling it from a bottle of gum, I gave him two brisk injections in the arm and one in the leg for luck.

"Lastly," I said, borrowing his fountain pen from his pocket, "you will be wanting the usual medical certificate. Here it is—the one I always got in the Army."

"What have you put?" he asked hopefully.

"Medicine and duty," I replied; "and the medicine will be simply horrid."



"I say—have you tried any of this new stuff called Jonah?"

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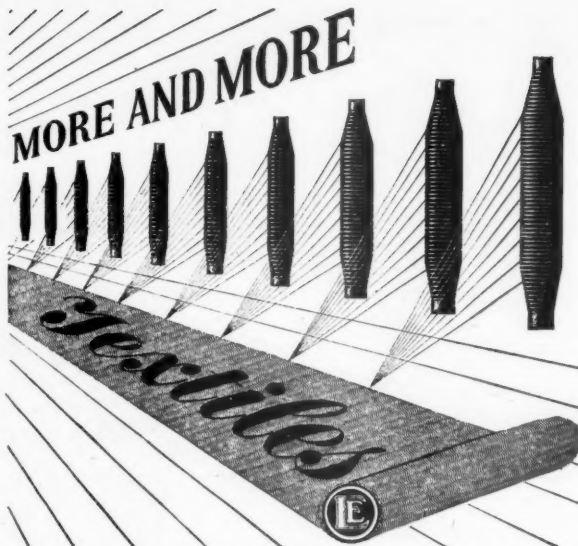
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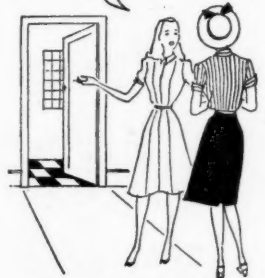
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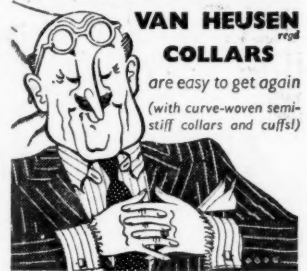
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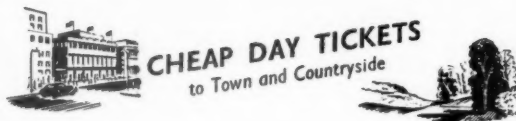


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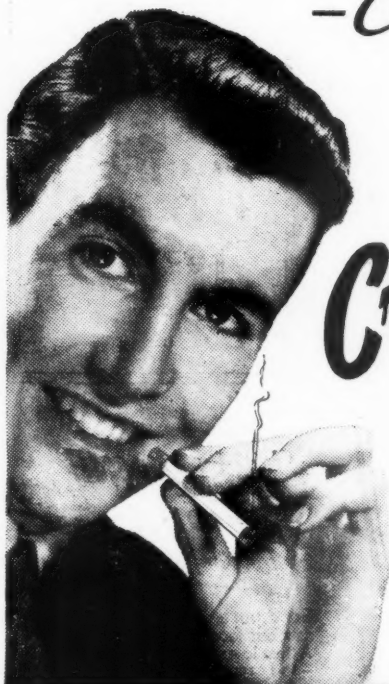


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